King. Kinghts, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, ſhee'le not vndertake
A married life: her reaſon to her ſelfe is onely knowen,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2. Knight. May we not get acceſſe to her (my Lord?)
King. Faith, by no meanes, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that t'is impoſſible:
One twelue Moons more ſhee'le weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath ſhe vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake it.
3. Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*
King. So, they are well diſpatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; ſhee tels me here,
Shee'le wed the ſtranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Miſtris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how abſolute ſhee's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: ſoft heere he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*.
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet Muſicke this laſt night:
I do proteſt, my eares were neuer better fedde
With ſuch delightfull pleaſing harmonie.
Per. It is your Graces pleaſure to commend,
Not my deſert.
King. Sir, you are Muſickes maiſter.
Per. The worſt of all her Schoollers (my good Lord.)
King. Let me aske you one thing:
What doe you thinke of my daughter ſir?
Per. A moſt virtuous Princeſſe.
King. And ſhee's faire too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a faire day in Sommer: wonderous faire.

King.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maiſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-maſter.
King. Shee thinkes not ſo: peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here; a letter, that ſhe loues the knight of *Tyre*?
T'is the Kings ſubtiltie to haue my life:
Oh, ſeeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger, and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.
King. Traytor, thou lyeſt.
Per. Traytor?
King. I, traytor.
Per. Euen in his throat, vnleſſe it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer reliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accountes of mee,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enimie.
king. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſſe it.

Enter Thaiſa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicite, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſillable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence?

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